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## ALLUSION to HORACE,

## BOOK I. ODE XXII.

(a) **T**HE Man that loves his King and Nation,  
 And shuns each vile Association,  
 That trusts his honest Deeds i'th' Light,  
 Nor meets in dark Cabals, by Night,  
 With Fools, who, after much Debate,  
 Get themselves hang'd, and save the State,  
 Needs not his Hall with Weapons store;  
 Nor dreads each Rapping at his Door;  
 Nor sculks, in fear of being known,  
 Or hides his Guilt in Parson's Gown;  
 Nor wants, to guard his gen'rous Heart,  
 The Ponyard or the poison'd Dart;  
 And, but for Ornament and Pride,  
 A Sword of Lath might cross his Side.

(b) If o'er St. *James's* Park he stray,  
 He stops not, pausing in his Way;  
 Nor pulls his Hat down o'er his Face,  
 Nor starts, looks back, and mends his Pace.  
 Or if he ramble to the Tower,  
 He knows no Crime, and dreads no Power,  
 But thence returning, free as Wind,  
 Smiles at the Barrs he left behind.

Thus,

(a) Integer vita, scelerisque purus  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,  
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
 Enscæ, pharetrâ:

(b) Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosas,  
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosas  
 Lambit Hydaspes.





Thus, as I loiter'd t'other Day;  
 Humming — O every Month was May —  
 And, thoughtless how my Time I squander'd,  
 From *Whitehall* thro' the *Cockpit* wander'd,  
 A Messenger, with surly Eye,  
 View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.  
 (d) No sharper Look or rougher Mien  
 In *Scotish* Highlands e'er were seen;  
 Nor Ale and Brandy ever bred  
 More pimpled Cheeks, or Nose more red;  
 And yet, with both Hands in my Breast,  
 Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the Beast.  
 (e) Place me among a hundred Spies,  
 Let all the Room be Ears and Eyes;  
 Or search my Pocket-Books and Papers,  
 No Word or Line shall give me Vapours.  
 Send me to Whigs as true and hearty  
 As ever pity'd poor *M——ty*;  
 Let *T——d*, *S——d* be there,  
 Or *R——n* *W——e* in the Chair.  
 Or send me to a Club of Tories,  
 That damn and Curse at *Marlbrô's* Glories,  
 And drink———but sure none such there are!——  
 The Dev'l, the Pope, and Rebel *M——r*;  
 Yet still my Loyalty I'll boast,  
 King *GEORGE* shall ever be my Toast;  
 Unbrib'd his glorious Cause I'll own,  
 And fearless scorn each Traytor's Frown.

(c) Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,  
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra  
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus.  
 Fugit inmerem.

(d) Quale portentum neque militaris  
 Daunia in latis alit aſculetis:  
 Nec juba tellus generat, leonum  
 Azida nutrix.

(e) Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis  
 Arbor æivâ recreatur aurâ:  
 Quod latus mundi nebula, malisq;e  
 Jupiter urget:  
 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
 Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ:  
 Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
 Duclè loquentem.

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